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FEMALE TOURISTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir, YOUR mention of the Travels of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, in the first Number of your promising publication, calls to my recollection two English Ladies, whose travels in Asiatic Turkey would afford the highest gratification, if they shall ever be published. The first is, Lady Hester Stanhope, daughter of the late Earl Stanhope, and niece to the illustrious Pitt, whose daily companion she was, and to whom she was not more united by the ties of blood, than by her intellectual qualities. An article respecting her ladyship was published some time ago, from the Paris papers, in one of the daily prints; but as many of your readers never saw it, and as it contains, I believe, some inaccuracies, it may perhaps be agreeable to mention further particulars here. After the death of her great uncle, she retired for some time into the mountains of North Wales to recover her health, which had suffered extremely. She afterwards resolved to travel; and the Continent of Europe being at that time inaccessible to the English, she embarked with several servants, and a young physician in whose skill she placed great confidence, for Malta: thence she went to Constantinople, where she resided for some time in a pleasant country-house on the Bosphorus. There she was seized with an irresistible inclination to visit Palestine, which she immediately gratified. Off the Isle of Rhodes she suffered shipwreck, and escaped with great difficulty, in a boat which the Captain hoisted out, upon a barren rock, where she seemed exposed to perish by famine. The following day, however, an English ship appeared, which took her on board, and conveyed her in safety to Syria. Here she made excursions in all directions, partly in company with Mr. Bruce, who was concerned in the escape of Lavalette. For many years she wandered about among the ruins of Palmyra and Balbec, and in the Vallies of Lebanon. As she lived for months together on nothing but rice and water, and entirely accustomed herself to the frugal way of life of the Eastern nations, she became, from being one of the most delicate of her sex, one of the most robust. According to the latest accounts which she has written to her family in England, she is now at the head of three tribes of Bedouin Arabs, who pay her the most perfect homage, as to a being of a superior order; and as she is elegantly formed, and an admirable horsewoman, they often tell her she deserves to be Sultana. She urgently invites some favorite friends of her former acquaintance in England to join her in the Vallies of Lebanon, and declares that she will never leave the pure skies of those southern climes to return to the smoky and cloudy atmosphere of England. If she would write, or if she only had somebody with her who could record the results of her researches and her observations, we should learn particulars respecting Syria and Arabia, of which Cassas and

Volney never dreamt. We have reason to fear, however, that there is but little room to entertain any hopes of this kind. The other lady I mean, is the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Rich, wife of the learned English Resident at Bagdad, Claudius Rich, Esq. whose valuable collection of Oriental MSS. is so justly celebrated. She is the daughter of Sir James Mackintosh, and the true heiress of the spirit and learning of her father. From Bombay, whither she went with her father from England, she followed her husband to Bagdad. In 1814 she travelled from Bagdad by land, by way of Anadoli and Constantinople to England; and in October 1815, returned by way of Constantinople and Asia Minor, back to Bagdad. She travelled almost the whole of the land journey on horseback, and made the most interesting observations. What an exquisite enjoyment would it afford to the whole European public, if only the letters were published which she wrote to her father in England during this journey!

I am, Sir, Your's, H. L.

SHERIDAN'S RIVALS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir, IN reading over the Life of Mr. Sheridan, recently published by Dr. Watkins, I was forcibly struck with an idea which, as a literary speculation, may perhaps not be irrelevant to the purpose of your publication. Mention is there made of a finished Comedy, called *A Trip to Bath*, left by Mrs. Sheridan, mother to the subject of the biography, at her death. Mrs. Sheridan is well known to the world as a literary character, from the *Memoirs of Sidney Biddulph*, from her tale of Nourjahad, and from two Comedies, *The Discovery* and *The Dupe*, acted during her life-time. In a letter written by Mr. Sheridan, her husband, from Blois, in October, 1764, he says—"Mrs. Sheridan has finished a Comedy, which I think an excellent one, spick and span new throughout."—Again, in a subsequent letter he says: "Mrs. Sheridan has written a Comedy, called *A Trip to Bath*, in which some good judges in England find a great deal of merit."—And in relating the death of this excellent and amiable woman, we find the biographer speaking thus: "Of the Comedy which she left in a finished state, we have no other account than that given by her husband; nor has it been once mentioned by the industrious and sagacious compiler of the *Biographia Dramatica*, though he was apprised that such a piece had been completed, and with the title of it he was made acquainted. It is known to have obtained the sanction of Garrick and Murphy, and through them, I believe, Dr. Johnson was prevailed upon to give it a perusal, with his judgment upon its merits, which was decidedly in its favour. Notwithstanding the stamp which this manuscript received from such high authorities, it never made its appearance before the public; this is the more unaccountable, considering the peculiar circumstances and professional pursuits of Mr. Sheridan, who caused the two remaining volumes of Sidney Biddulph to

be printed, but totally neglected the other literary remains of the author. Into whose hands her papers afterwards fell is not clearly known, though it is probable that by the recent death of her youngest son, some information may be obtained upon the subject."

Now, Mr. Editor, considering all these points together, does it not appear extremely probable that we have here the foundation at least, though perhaps not the entire superstructure, of that excellent Comedy *The Rivals*, which has always passed as the sole undivided production of the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan? It is remarkable, that a Comedy which had been approved by such men as Garrick, Murphy, and Dr. Johnson, should have remained for ever in obscurity, if particular reasons had not subsisted in some quarter, why it should be consigned to such a fate; and what more probable than that Mr. Sheridan, who certainly has been esteemed not scrupulously nice respecting such subjects, should take advantage of a manuscript of this description existing in the family, to raise himself a reputation as a dramatic writer, without the labour and anxiety of being one? This conjecture is powerfully strengthened from the scene of *The Rivals* being laid at Bath; and it is well worthy of remark, that in the play-bills of Country Theatres, where an *or* is commonly found for every piece announced, this play is very generally called *The Rivals, or A Trip to Bath*. That Mr. Sheridan has added many strokes of wit and humour in the dialogue, appears extremely probable; perhaps it was in a considerable degree new-modelled by him: but it seems much more consonant with his well-known indolent habits to suppose him only the embellisher, not the original author, of the piece. We see that his claims to the whole merit of the *School for Scandal* rest upon very dubious grounds;—we know that for his *Duenna* he is very much indebted to Wycherly's *Country Wife*:—*The Critic* is but *The Rehearsal* adapted to other days and other manners;—and it is notorious, that though there is scarcely a single idea of his own in *Pizarro*, he seemed to pride himself as much upon it, and consider it as much his own production, as if there had not been a stroke throughout, except from his pen. Mr. Sheridan was undoubtedly a man of great wit and brilliant fancy, and it is not his *capacity* to have written the works ascribed to him that we doubt; but we must doubt whether at any period of his life he had application enough to have produced them.

I am, Sir, &c.

LETTERS FROM LONDON.

LETTER III.

I WRITE to you in the greatest despair. It is certain that I have no qualifications whatever as a governess.

This morning I waited on a lady who had advertised for one. I found her reading on a sofa. "So," said she, "you have called in consequence of my advertisement." "I have, Madam." "You are aware that there is no task so important as the education of young women." "Certainly, Madam." "It determines the tenor of their future lives." "It does, Madam." "It enlarges their understandings and improves their morals." "Most true, Madam." "Can you dress hair?" "No, indeed, Madam." "Can you make shoes?" "Thank heaven, Madam, I am not quite so reduced in the world as to

turn cobbler, nor am I quite so mean as to permit an insult." "Shew the lady down," said she; and thus ended our pithy interview.

I returned home, and told my hostess all. "The lady did not intend any insult," said she, "for shoemaking now forms a most important branch of female education. You are nobody if you cannot heel-tap; and to shew any degree of information, you must be an amateur in kid-leather. A lady can purchase a pair of shoes for a few shillings, but it costs her some guineas and several weeks to make them; at the end of which time, they shall be found, like hatched eggs, quite fit for bursting.

"As for me," she continued, "I am only a poor hostess's wife, so I promise you, my daughters sha'n't take any fine shoe-making airs upon themselves. No, they must earn their own bread, poor things; and, I protest, 'tis as much as I can do to get them merely taught waltzing and Italian." "Italian!" cried I, "then you mean they should earn their bread by teaching that language." "Not at all," she replied, "but by marrying themselves off, poor things. No girl now, above a green grocer, can get decently settled in life, without the languages. There is the fishmonger's daughter, next door—she reads Italian over the turbots; and I warrant, in spite of her check apron, looks to a barouche and foun."

Thus she ran on, and in fine, fully convinced me, that I am an unfit governess for any condition of life. The young lady, who stands behind the counter, differs from her who stands before it, only in being taught by cheaper masters; for her accomplishments are precisely the same. Now, as well as I can collect, a fashionable girl is educated much in this manner. Before her fingers are long enough to reach an octave, she performs concertantes at the piano; and is taught to write sentimental essays before she has got out of her spider-legs and pot-hooks. She may not, perhaps, know much of the bible, but then she has half Ariosto by heart. The next great consideration is waltzing—a dreadful amusement, my friend, which you may see fully set forth in an indecent publication called "The Treasures of Terpsichore."

Then a great portion of her time is occupied in reading certain books about love. I have dipped into one of them, and found it contained only an account of a remarkably sickly orphan, who used to cry and faint, chapter about, had nervous starts, two consumptions, and, from her manner of walking, I shrewdly suspect, was ricketty. However, a young gentleman, no way disgusted by these infirmities, proposes, charitably enough, to marry her, and take all her apothecaries' bills upon himself. But just then there comes a great mischief-maker, who whips her off to a castle, fit for any thing but to live in. Here she grows quite hypochondriac, and fancies she sees figures sitting in the dusky perspective. But all on a sudden her real character breaks out. She plans and accomplishes a desperate escape. She shows the intrepidity of a buffalo and the constitution of a horse. She rummages out her lover. Her heart and her mouth are his without a struggle. The one no longer heaves with grief, the other no longer smells of hartshorn. So all obstacles are removed, and nothing can equal her felicity, but her bridal dress.

Books such as these, and a whole host of modern poetry, form the young lady's understanding; and as for her conversation, she has happily acquired the art of talking

without knowing her own meaning. Her education is then complete; she enters the world with more diamonds than ideas, puts her face in circulation, talks good French and bad English, pays morning visits by moonlight, and goes to dinner when half the nation are going to bed.

But all these frivolities have a most awful object in view. The whole is intended to conclude with an eligible marriage; and for this great purpose, are routes, and balls, and operas, instituted. These seem a sort of public markets, where faces are put up for sale, and where dealers in matrimony go to make purchases. The goods are therefore very properly exposed as much as possible, nor can any customer complain that he has bought a blind bargain. Here Lombard Street and St. James's meet to transact compacts of convenience. The old jewels want new setting, so an impoverished title and a plebeian plum enter into treaty; a balance is struck between rent-rolls and family trees, and in due time, the coronet unites its fate with the sugar hoghead.

These shops, then, as you may guess, drive a pretty lucrative trade, and exhibit a great choice of commodities. For, if one girl sets up with a capital of features, there is another who carries on commerce at the piano; while a third, who happens to be only pleasant and ugly, puts herself in the department of saying good things. Meanwhile, the lords of the creation, who had probably spent the morning at Tattersall's, strut up and down the room, examine paces and points, and at length select their purchase; which, though not warranted, is sure to be described in all the prints, as a young lady "eminently calculated to render the marriage state truly happy." Adieu.



CRITICAL ANALYSIS.

An Account of the Natives of the TONGA ISLANDS, in the South Pacific Ocean, with a Grammar and Vocabulary of their Language. Compiled from the Communications of WILLIAM MARINER, by JOHN MARTIN, M. D. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE scientific skill and nautical perseverance of our immortal circumnavigator, had left little to be added to the grand outline of Polynesian Cosmography. By his indefatigable researches the clamour of bold system had been hushed, and even the murmurs of conjecture had been lulled to rest, through the whole extent of the Great Pacific, from pole to pole; with the exception of a few points of local geography in the vicinity of Japan, where the Dutch, though commercial visitors for centuries, had been precluded by the national jealousy of the Japanese, from adding any thing to the rude surveys of De Vries, John De Gama, and a few other obscure voyagers. That COOK left nothing for discovery, is evident from the instructions given by the French Board of Marine to the unfortunate *Peyrouse*; and by a reference to the charts of that voyage, it is evident that his tracks, both north and south of the Equator, were a mere retracing of Cook's footsteps, excepting only on the Japanese Coasts, where he had even been preceded by an English Seaman, Captain Broughton.

Yet our knowledge of the great South Sea, in a moral point of view, and of some parts of New Guinea, &c. in a geographical sense, is little more than an outline, not-

withstanding the subsequent repeated voyages. Of Otaheite even, we can as yet be said to know but little beyond a few facts; at least not to reason upon, or draw inferences from their manners and customs, with any degree of certainty. Yet by a most whimsical delicacy on the part of *Peyrouse*, and owing to something like a feeling of envy on the part of those who drew up his instructions, the whole of that interesting part of the South Sea, including the Society and Friendly Isles, was studiously avoided by the French Navigator, who, though he touched at the Friendly Islands, seemed more disposed to refit at New Holland, where our infant settlement was then almost in embryo. In short there seemed a jealousy on the part of France respecting the priority and the extent of English discoveries over those of Bougainville; whilst *Peyrouse* himself, a short time before the unhappy catastrophe in which he and his companions are supposed to have perished, actually wrote home to a friend boasting that he had navigated the Southern Ocean for two years, without finding it necessary to visit the modern *Cythæra* of the English voyagers, so much talked of in all Continental Societies. By that happy mode of reasoning, for which Frenchmen are so famous, he seems to have considered the *not seeing* it as an honour almost as great as that of discovering it. Yet Bougainville was there, and only a very few weeks after our Captain Wallis, so that the honour of the discovery is, in fact, nearly divided between the two nations.

That Voyagers, ignorant of the language, and only remaining a few days at each newly discovered spot, where each day was either a day of hostility, or else a holiday, could acquire much knowledge of a new people, is not to be expected; indeed, the great cause of surprise and admiration is that they have been able to learn so much; for it is well deserving of attention that the details and inferences of the English navigators preceding Cook, and his own likewise, have been generally confirmed by all subsequent visitors. A new field is, however, now opened by the work before us, drawn with much apparent industry and discrimination from the statements and answers of a young man lately returned from the great South Sea Archipelago, where he had been nearly seven years a resident, and a companion of the King of Tonga, the principal of that groupe distinguished by Cook and other navigators as the Friendly Islands. Mr. Mariner, though leaving home at the early age of fourteen, had laid the foundation of a good education at school, which appears to have availed him very much, in his observations throughout the course of his eventful voyage, performed, partly, in the *Port au Prince*, a private ship of war sent to the South Seas as a whaler, and also as a cruiser against the Spaniards. After visiting the Sandwich Islands, and several other interesting parts of that Ocean, the *Port au Prince* was captured by the natives of Tonga, but not before a great part of her crew had been murdered. Mr. Mariner and a few others were saved, and as he became the friend and protégé of the King, and accompanied him in all his warlike expeditions, he had every opportunity of acquiring much interesting information for the moralist, the philosopher, and the philologist. A desire for conquest seems to have been one great incentive to the treachery of the natives; and they speedily availed themselves of their new weapons, acquired by the seizure of the ship, in attacking

all their neighbours. Their ideas of English artillery were, however, rather whimsical; for on one occasion being fatigued with dragging the guns through heavy soil, they cursed not only them but all Englishmen for making them, asking why they were not made lighter, or why those who made them did not also make legs for them to walk with?

To follow Mr. Mariner, in our limited space, through his very interesting adventures, or to give even a sketch of the information and amusement he affords us, is totally impossible; but he does not confine himself to mere accounts of the savages, for he also throws much light upon the fate of the unfortunate Cook, and also of the Missionaries who perished in those Islands. Of Cook he heard much at Owyhee, and that was again confirmed to him by some Sandwich Islanders whom he met at Tonga. They all agreed that the death of Cook was never intended, but that the fatal blow was inflicted by a newly arrived Indian, a stranger to his person; for the other islanders believed him to be immortal. Nay it is asserted that they preserved and still worship his bones; what was brought off to the ships, as his remains, being the melancholy fragments of the other murdered bodies.

The death of the Missionaries was produced by the machinations of one Morgan, a fellow who had escaped from Port Jackson; but it appears, that the jealousy of the natives was much fostered by the silly mystery and religious pride of these men, shutting themselves up whilst celebrating their worship, instead of courting the confidence of those they were sent to enlighten. This was a fundamental error towards men so little better than children, that when they broke Mariner's watch, they brought him the pieces requesting him to put it together again and make it speak! On this part of the narrative, (p. 62, vol. 1.), it must be added, that the mode in which another Indian, who had been on board a French ship, explained the principle of a watch as a time-keeper, is highly curious and interesting.

The words of a song, (p. 307, vol. 1.), preserved and translated by Mr. Mariner, afford a brilliant specimen of their poetic taste and fancy—but our limits preclude further notice, and we must close with observing, that the investigator of nature, and of the human heart, and of the early history of man, will find a mass of entertainment in these volumes which bear every mark of truth and authenticity, alike honourable to the narrator and to the learned compiler.

MELANGES LITTERAIRES, *Composés de morceaux inédits de DIDEROT, de CAYLUS, de THOMAS, de RIVAROL, d'ANDRÉ CHENIER, recueillis par M. Fayolle.* 1 vol. 12mo.

THE first and one of the most remarkable fragments composing this volume, is, without doubt, a dialogue attributed to Rivarol, between Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Lamoignon. Academical follies are there attacked with a degree of spirit worthy the interlocutor who plays a part in the scene. The author of *Zadig* and the *Philosophical Questions* could not have infused more poignancy and spirit into a conversation.

We are indebted to the efforts of M. Walknaer, and to his indefatigable love of literature, for the discovery of a

manuscript of Montesquieu, forming three volumes, entitled *Mes Pensées*, and containing historical reflections on the reign of Louis XI.: this fragment was supposed to have been burnt a considerable time back. If we may put faith in the enthusiastic description given in a letter inserted in the present collection, the author of *L'Esprit des Lois* was never more profound or energetic than in this last production. M. Walknaer quotes several maxims from this valuable manuscript; we select the following, which ought to be engraved in front of the palace of every King: "The flatterer is a slave, who is of no use to any Master."

"Montesquieu," says the Editor of his posthumous works, "begins the history of Louis XI. by sketching the political situation of Europe, at the period when that Prince ascended the throne; he proves how much it was in his favour, and that what is generally attributed to his understanding was merely the result of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. He next points out the great and noble deeds which he might have performed, and which he did not perform; because, (says M. Fayolle) he regarded the commencement of his reign only as the commencement of his revenge."

A dissertation by the Count de Caylus on a manuscript of the thirteenth century, cannot fail to be read with interest in M. Fayolle's work. It is curious to observe with what freedom writers of that period, though entertaining the highest respect for religion, express themselves concerning the ministers of the gospel and even of the Pope himself. The author of this singular composition, entitled the *Court of Paradise*, compares the splendours of Heaven to the solemnities of the Earth; and the Court of a King, such as it was usually held at that period, to the Court of the Deity in Paradise. Nothing is more simple or more patriarchal than a Court festival as described by the author. "It is proper to observe," adds M. de Caylus, "that at that time Kings did not hold continual Courts; living retired amidst their families, and with very little pomp during the greater part of the year, they appointed days on which they invited their subjects and even foreigners, by heralds, messengers, or other means of convocation, assuring them that they should be well received. Notice was at the same time given of the number of days which the Court was to last; the four great festivals of the year were always fixed upon, doubtless because people were then less occupied in domestic business. Persons thus invited were lodged, boarded, and entertained at the Courts."

The estimable Thomas, so dear to minds of a tender and serious turn, has furnished a remarkable letter in this collection. Lavoisier, Diderot, M. Garat, and Madame de Stael, have likewise been placed under contribution. Among the observations of the last mentioned writer, we recommend to the reflection of our critics the following truth which is daily demonstrated by contemporary literature: "In France, there are too many brides for steeds already tamed."

The poetry which is introduced at the end of this compilation, does not form the most brilliant portion of it: the imitation of the satire of Juvenal against Messalina, which is by some attributed to Thomas, and by others to M. de Fontanes, is already very well known. Some verses by the two Cheniers cannot claim much merit with respect

to novelty: particularly the classical discourse on descriptive poems.

Cerutti has sketched a portrait of Mirabeau, inserted at the end of the collection, in which he says:—

"To the power of action, Mirabeau joined the magic of speech; vehement and fascinating, he reproduced with new vigour those points he had discussed, and placed in the most brilliant light others which no one else had been able to perceive. The most remote consequences were calculated and approximated; every intricacy was seized and unravelled. He surrounded every objection with a wall of argument, allowing none to escape or to be replaced by others. Decisive reasoning was the predominant figure in his pictures; with colouring sometimes gloomy, expression sometimes illusory or exaggerated, he occasionally subdued the prejudiced and roused the lethargic. He extinguished or revived the passions at his will, addressing himself to them to obtain their suffrage or their silence. Genius moved the orator, and the orator moved the assembly. A happy phrase, a flash of light from his lips darting on the minds of the auditors, produced a revolution of ideas. He seemed to hold alternately in his hand the prism of Newton and the head of Medusa."

JOSEPH SECOND, *Empereur d'Allemagne, peint par lui-même. Avec un précis historique sur la vie de ce Prince.* Par M. R.

Under the above title a work has lately been published at Paris, which contains the following anecdotes.

As Joseph was once walking in the suburbs of Vienna, he observed a crowd of persons collected round a cart loaded with fire-wood. Curious to know the cause, he questioned one of the spectators, and was informed that the Inspector of the Barrier had stopped the countryman on suspicion of his having concealed tobacco among the wood, and insisted on his immediately unloading the cart. The countryman, who regarded this as a loss of time and a very serious labour, earnestly intreated him to permit somebody to accompany him into the city, where he could obtain satisfactory testimonies of his innocence; but the clerk would not listen to his supplications, and insisted on executing the order he had received to empty the cart. The Emperor, who was concealed amidst the crowd, remained for some time a tranquil witness of the dispute. He at length sent for a subaltern officer and a few soldiers from the nearest Corps-de-Garde, and ordered them to remain on the spot until the wood was entirely turned out. This being done, he enjoined them, in case the peasant should be found guilty of fraud, to execute fifty lashes across his shoulders; but if he were proved to be innocent, the refractory clerk was immediately to undergo the same punishment, and to be obliged to reload the wood himself. These orders were executed. No tobacco was found, and the Inspector after having reloaded the cart of the poor countryman, who was besides indemnified for his loss of time, received the fifty lashes.

Joseph entertained the greatest aversion for those distinctions which tend to withhold from the most numerous portion of society, advantages which ought to be common to all.

Previous to his accession to the throne, the gates of the superb promenade called the Prater, were opened only to persons of distinction. Joseph wished that they should be thrown open to every body, and caused these words to be inscribed above the entrance to the promenade: *Place of Amusement, a treasure destined for every body.*

The nobility immediately thronged round him, and declared that the Promenade would soon be profaned, and that it would no longer be fit for their enjoyment, if the vulgar were suffered to frequent it, &c.

"Gentlemen," replied Joseph, "if I were determined to associate with none but my equals, I must transport myself into the vaults of the Monastery of the Capuchins, where my ancestors repose, and take up my abode with them. I love men, because they are men; I make no other distinction among them, and have no other preference for them except that which is due to their actions. Whosoever thinks well and acts honourably, is entitled to my esteem. It must not be exclusively reserved for those who reckon none but Princes among their ancestors."

The wife of an officer having been presented to the Emperor for the purpose of soliciting a pension, he asked her whether she had any children—"yes Sire, three young ladies and two young gentlemen"—"and I," replied Joseph, "have had one daughter, but she is no more."

In 1773 as the Emperor was passing through Medwisch in Transylvania, an aged woman came up to him for the purpose of soliciting a discharge from the army for her son, whom she had not seen for a long time. She thus began: "good day to you, Mr. Emperor, I hope you enjoy good health. How is your mother? Is she likewise well?" Joseph replied to each of these questions, heard her request, gave her some pieces of gold, and sent her away well satisfied; then turning to his attendants he said: "This good woman is the only person who has spoken to me of my mother during my journey. She shall see her son in eleven days, and free from all military engagements."

The Emperor, by an edict, granted permission to every landholder, whose fields had been ravaged by Deer, and whose representations had not been attended to by the Forest Courts, to destroy the animal. A countryman who had made repeated complaints, killed a superb Stag which had been brought to Vienna for the amusement of the Emperor, and which had frequently laid waste the field of the poor farmer. He was immediately thrown into prison. The chief huntsman in dismay presented himself before the Emperor, explained the circumstance, not forgetting to mention the detention of the criminal, and requested to know the further orders of His Majesty. "My orders are," said the Emperor, "release the man, let the Stag be sold and give him the produce of the sale of the animal by way of indemnity."

A crime committed by a person of distinction, whose friends applied for a mitigation of the punishment which he had but too well merited, served to make manifest the principles of Joseph, who replied: "The law must be executed on all individuals equally. He who did not blush to commit the offence, should not blush to expiate it. If the law admitted of any difference in the chastisement allotted to the same species of offence, the indulgence ought not to be extended to those who have the fewest excuses to offer. Besides, virtuous and honorable actions being the more meritorious in the lower classes, where one may presume that education is least carefully attended to, and the greatest privations are felt, they ought to be the more highly recompensed."

In April, 1785, the Prince of Kaunitz, Chancellor of the Empire, completed his 74th year. The Emperor went

at seven in the morning to the Riding School, where he was certain of finding him. While, in conformity to the orders of the Emperor his arrival was announced to the Prince, he proceeded himself to the outer gate, where he received him saying: "Happy the day which gave birth to the Prince of Kaunitz!" Surprised at this unexpected salute, the worthy old man could not utter a single word in reply. His gratitude was manifested only by a tear which dropped from his eye. The Emperor perceiving this, added: "I know, my dear Kaunitz, that you have invited some good friends to pass this day with you; as I am among the number of your friends, I shall not fail to wait upon you."

He and one of his suite having once lost themselves in an excursion, they were, without being known, hospitably received in a house, the mistress of which apologized for being unable to bear them company, as she was anxious to see the Emperor, who was that day to arrive in the Canton. The strangers thanked her, and informed her, that as they belonged to the Emperor's suite, they could assure her that he had not arrived at the place which she mentioned.—"Well, then, gentlemen, in that case I will stay here and keep you company: I cannot suppose you would deceive me." They sat down to table, and discoursed on various subjects. But notwithstanding all the efforts of the travellers to render the conversation agreeable, the lady was so desirous to see the Emperor, that she constantly made him the subject of discourse. She related all she had heard of his probity, his compassionate humanity, and all the excellent qualities of his heart and mind. "Finally," added she, "this Prince is as accomplished as it is possible for man to be. This conviction makes me wish thus ardently to see him. You are certain, gentlemen, that he will not arrive here in less than two hours?"—"Yes, Madam." The time advanced, and Joseph wishing to put an end to this scene, so gratifying to his heart, said: "So, Madam, you cannot be satisfied until you have seen the Emperor?"—"No, Sir, for I am convinced he is the only individual of his age, who unites so many good qualities in a rank so elevated."—"I can satisfy, in some measure, the obliging desire which you manifest, without your taking the trouble to go abroad. Look on this box—the portrait is striking. Recognize the original of this painting in the stranger to whom you have so cordially granted hospitality." The lady, filled with astonishment, fixed her eyes upon the Emperor, who saluted her, and speedily departed.

VARIETIES.

TWEDDELL REMAINS.

This curious controversy seems drawing to a close. An examination of several boxes has taken place before the nominees of Lord Elgin (William Hamilton, Esq. Under Secretary of State), and of the Rev. Robert Tweddell (John Heys, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, and Abraham Moore, Esq. of the Temple), when one box was produced by Messrs. Heys and Moore, containing sixty seven drawings of costumes, chiefly Turkish, which they stated to belong to Mr. Hamilton Nisbet, and to have been sent by him to Mr. Robert Tweddell, as copies taken for the former at Naples, from originals belonging to the late Mr. John Tweddell; which originals had been brought

home by Mr. Nisbet from Constantinople, and returned into the possession of Lord Elgin.

Mr. Hamilton then produced two boxes of different sizes, sent to him by Lord Elgin from Broomhall; agreeable to his Lordship's former promise, that he would send all the drawings of Turkish Costumes then in his possession at that place, in hopes that the originals of Mr. Tweddell might have been preserved amongst his own papers.

The smaller of the two boxes contained ninety eight drawings of costumes, chiefly Turkish, &c. and fourteen other drawings or sketches of figures, chiefly Swiss; and the Turkish name, and also a short explanation in French at the bottom of each of the first ninety eight, were stated by Messrs. Moore and Heys, to have been in the late Mr. Tweddell's hand writing. Sixty of these were supposed to be evidently the originals from whence Mr. Nisbet's copies were taken.

As the ninety eight drawings were admitted to have been Mr. Tweddell's property; and it being thought probable that the fourteen sketches, of costumes of countries he had visited, and in the same box, had belonged to him also, this box and its contents were given up to Mr. Robert Tweddell's nominees.

In the larger box were pencil drawings, and three portfolios of scenery, figures, and costumes from Naples and other ports not visited by Mr. Tweddell. These also had the name of the artist, Xavier Gatta, upon them, with other hand writing which bore no resemblance to Mr. Tweddell's; from whence all claim to them was given up by his brother's nominees.

Such is the substance of the declaration of Mr. Tweddell's nominees, respecting the present stage of this so much talked of affair.

VEGETABLE PHOSPHORUS.—A curious instance of this is related by A. F. Mornay, Esq. in a letter to Dr. Wollaston, the learned Secretary of the Royal Society. Mr. Mornay, whilst in Brazil, had an opportunity of viewing most accurately the very curious plant called "Cipo de Cunanam," which is a climber, but destitute of leaves or prickles, and seems a species of Euphorbium. When Mr. Mornay cut this plant with his hanger, in the dusk of the evening, the wounds inflicted presented a beautifully luminous line, which was not transient, but lasted for several seconds, or a quarter of a minute. Taking up a piece of the plant, he bent it in the dark until the skin cracked, when every crack shewed the same light, of a phosphorescent appearance. He continued to bend the twig until the milky juice dropped out; when each drop was a drop of fire, much like inflamed tallow when falling.

MUSIC.—Notwithstanding the boasted general improvement of the present day, Dr. Crotch is of opinion, as expressed in his opening lecture at the Surry Institution, that *music*, both in point of science and feeling, is on the decline. This he infers from the extraordinary increase of the love of *ornament* in that interesting study; but he allows to *Mozart* the merit of intermingling both taste and feeling, as well as sublimity, with the tickling sounds that please the modern ear. In grandeur, he considers him to excel the Italians; but thinks him inferior to them in the pathos of his melodies.

BALLOONS.—All our high-flying fashionables may short-

ly be gratified in a trip by an air-balloon, should any of our speculating traders in public amusements adopt the plan of an artist on the Continent, Ruggieri, who has fitted up a balloon large enough to support one person on a car, and which is secured by a rope of sufficient length and extent, like a falcon, "to lure it to its tassel back again." No doubt many of our gentle *Julias* would thus appear to fly from their adorners; while *Benedicts* might rather feel inclined to cut the cord, exclaiming with the poet of night—

— "The spider's thin attenuated thread

Is cord, is cable, to the tender tie
Of earthly bliss." —

THE CARTOONS.—As Haydon, and other artists, are now engaged in copying the Cartoons for their own private studies, we feel much disposed to recommend, that complete fac-similes of these works of the Divine *Raffaello*, and of others of the most prominent specimens of ancient art existing in England, should be produced by the pencils of our most esteemed artists. This would facilitate juvenile improvement, and ameliorate the public taste; whilst it would also guarantee us in some measure from the effects of time and accident with respect to what may justly be considered as national monuments of art.

FACITIOUS DIAMONDS.—The recent improvements in the blow-pipe are likely to open a wide field for art in the manufacture of precious stones, as some of the hardest are easily fusible under its influence. Two rubies, one with a tolerable degree of colour, and the other nearly limpid and white, were melted by Dr. Clarke, into a bead of a pale pink colour. This rapidity of fusion will enable the experimentalist to repeat and vary his process in an extreme degree upon substances scarcely acted on by the common methods.

CHEMICAL COLORS.—Though English enterprize and ingenuity do much for science, and its application to useful purposes; yet Government might do much in the direction of enterprize. Some of *Berthollet's* finest discoveries were made whilst investigating the processes of French manufacture; and Sir Humphry Davy's talents might be most usefully directed towards many points generally beneficial, like his admirable Safety Lamp for coal mines. The talents of such a man are well employed in investigating the theory of that manufacturing process in printing cottons where the Turkey red dye is discharged by the chlorine of lime dissolved in water, and decomposed by the sulphuric acid, but now superseded, by a very recent discovery, by the chloride of alumina, which has no deleterious effect on the texture of the stuff or cloth exposed to it.

On this subject, a correspondent hints that the oxydation of metals, and consequently the change of metallic colours, may proceed more from the influence of *LIGHT* than of *Air*. We shall present our readers with a most curious theory on the Effects of Light, in a subsequent number.

It is a singular circumstance, that none of the Almanacks notice the now returning direction of the magnetic needle towards the North; in the year 1657 it pointed due North, but has been 160 years increasing in declination Westward: last year it attained a declination of 25°, and then became stationary; and it is now receding back again to the North.

They write from Rome, that the sculptor Canova has

finished a large model of a groupe, representing Mars appeased by Venus, which it is said will be one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of modern sculpture. It is destined for the Prince Regent of England.

THE VALLEY OF THE BATTUECAS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the establishment of the Convent of the Quadermas, who, according to Madame de Genlis, are the *legislators, friends, and physicians* of this happy colony, it is certain that the old population has disappeared, if indeed it ever existed. Monks are the only individuals remaining. The whole extent of habitable country is surrounded by a wall more than a league in circumference. In the centre of this inclosure stands the monastery. Many fountains are to be seen, which pious art has adorned with emblems.

The natural aridity of the soil does not prevent the cultivation of cedar and cypress trees, the plantations of which are extremely beautiful. Here and there, in the most picturesque situations, the Monks have built cells, in which men, tired of the world, from time to time devote themselves to exercises of piety, and employ themselves for several days together in mystic meditations. One of these cells is formed in the trunk of an old cork-tree, the foliage of which still preserves its verdure. The Hermits, who declaim most loudly against worldly vanities, are invited to enter it. The laconic inscription, *Morituro satiss*, is placed over the threshold. Besides these occasional hermits, others have established themselves at fixed posts on the sides and heights of the mountain. These last derive their subsistence from a species of industry peculiarly their own. They make very pretty articles with the bark of the cork-tree, and these productions are circulated about the country.

LEARNED PRECOCITY.—The French Academicians boast much of the precocity of a young man, a Mons. Villemain, who, at 22, gained the prize for an elaborate essay on Montaigne; and recently, at 27, received another for the best eulogy on Montesquieu. By accounts from Paris, they seem to consider him as a second Chrichton, at least in the field of Literature. He lectures on English History and Politics, to the great delight of the Parisians; and was a Professor at the age of 20!

DAVID still retains his reputation at Paris; for his last picture of *Leonidas* he has refused a sum equal to 2500*l.*, and demands 100,000 francs for this admired specimen of his pencil.

The French assert, that some wise Englishman has given 100 Louis d'ors for Napoleon's arm-chair from Malmaison. This is even more than some of our wise Saints at home lately paid for the relics of Saint Huntington, a S.S.

The actual Throne on which the beautiful bar-maid of the *Café aux Mille Colonnes*, in the Palais Royal, receives the adoration and homage of the Parisian Beaux, was, a very few years ago, the Throne of the Vice-Roy of Italy! Its original cost was about 600*l.*; but its value fell with that of its master, and it was purchased for one-third of the price.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

The lovers of Italian Literature will be happy to learn that they may shortly expect a more correct edition than has ever yet appeared, of the *Divina Comedia* of Dante. M. Baglioli, already favorably known as the author of an

esteemed Italian Grammar, says in his Prospectus of this new edition: "I have profited by the labours of all the Commentators who have preceded me, and have carefully discussed their opinions. . . . I have pointed out the passages imitated by Petrarch, Boccacio, Ariosto, and Tasso. I have compared all the editions of Dante, hitherto published; I have corrected the erroneous punctuation in a thousand places. . . . His Excellency Sir Charles Stuart, Ambassador Extraordinary from His Britannic Majesty to the Court of France, having had the goodness to allow me the use of a MS. of Dante, of the 14th century, I have extracted from it a great number of very valuable variations hitherto unknown." This edition is to be in three Vols. in 4to. with engravings after the designs of Messrs. Gerard, Girodet, Gross, &c.

THE INSTITUTIONS OF GAJUS.—The Prussian Privy Counsellor Niebuhr, on his way to Rome as ambassador, has had the good fortune to discover, at Verona, a Codex Rescriptus of the Institutions of Gajus, anterior to the time of Justinian. The particulars of this discovery, which is of the highest importance to the study of jurisprudence, are to be found in the first number of the third volume of the Journal of the Science of Jurisprudence, just published at Berlin.

METEORIC STONES.—Considerable light has been thrown upon this subject, as far as regards their formation in the atmosphere, by a fact recorded in the Annals of Philosophy, (Jan. 1817. p. 14.) of a quantity of red dust having fallen during a thunder shower, at Gerace, in Calabria. The dust was mixed with the rain; became black when exposed to a red heat, and effervesced with acids. When analysed, its properties were nearly similar to those of the meteoric bodies, consisting of flint, iron, alum, and chromium.

In short, there is the same apparent analogy between this dust and the meteoric stones, as between rain and hail; cold acting in the one case, and electricity in the other.

The Duchess of Devonshire still has her parties at Rome every week. She seems determined to rival her father, the late Earl of Bristol, in her patronage of the fine arts. She is about to publish, at her private expense, a splendid edition of Annibal Caro's celebrated translation of the *Æneid*, with illustrations executed by the first Roman artists, together with a translation of Horace's Journey to Brundisium, in the same splendid style of illustration. Her Grace has also undertaken, with the permission of the Government, an excavation in the Roman Forum, which promises the most interesting results; and further still, it is understood that she intends giving a commission for some one work to every Roman artist who ranks above mediocrity.

One cannot be surprised, after this, to hear of an author dedicating the first volume of his work to St. Peter, and the second to the Duchess of Devonshire. This has literally occurred.

A very curious discovery has, it is said, been made lately at Rome, of papers belonging to the Stuart family. They consist of papers, letters, &c. amounting in the whole collection to several hundred thousand.

LAUSANNE, JAN. 17. —We are happy to announce that the fears which were entertained for the safety of the monastery upon Mount St. Bernard, are now dispelled. This useful and generous establishment is out of all danger.

There are still in the monastery three young dogs, which will serve to replace those that were lately lost in the snow.

The dramatists of Switzerland seem rather deficient in delicate feeling. One of them, at Freyburg, has actually written a tragedy, called the "Death of Louis XVI." This has been performed; but it is surely against all the rules of bien-sance, nay of common propriety.

ROSTOCK LIBRARY.

IN a journal wholly dedicated to the interests of literature, some account may justly be expected of so important a library and collection of medals as those which are recently announced for sale. These collections were made by Olaus Gerhardt Tychsen, late Professor of Oriental Literature at Rostock, a man well known for his profound knowledge of the languages and learning of the East; and are uncommonly rich in rare and valuable articles. Of the printed books, above 6400 in number, which are well arranged under ten heads, and very exactly noted, (the Hebrew, Arabic, &c. titles being printed with the Latin ones) we only observe, that the Oriental compose almost the half, and with the Spanish (490 in number) contain the greatest number of scarce works. Out of many hundreds we mention a few. Parts of the Hebrew Bible, among which is the oldest Psalter, of 1477. Then nine other books of the Old Testament, from 1482 to 1516. The Homburg Bibles, and among them a copy in four volumes, 1525, which Pope Clement VII. possessed and employed three correctors to improve. An Arabic Psalter, printed on Mount Lebanon, in 1764. Among the 972 Rabbinical works, all the editions of the Talmud and the Mishna; a great many Commentaries; rare Lexicons; one extremely scarce one, printed at Naples in 1491, which even Wolf was unacquainted with. The History of Tamerlane, printed in Turkish, at Constantinople. The first book printed in Arabic, (a prayer book) 1514. Among the works on coins, are distinguished those of the Prince of Torremuzza, Father Bayer, Florez, &c. Among the Spanish we find many extremely scarce works. In the second division are Tychsen's own works, with his MS. additions, and also his posthumous MSS., among which several are ready for the press, especially Almakrizi's Arabic Medallie History, with 205 most important explanatory notes: collections relative to the Phœnician language and inscriptions: a chronological list of all the Arabian coins hitherto known, with very considerable explanations. There is a large collection of Hebrew MSS. particularly of books of the Bible, both on rollers and in the form of books; some Syriac, Mendaic, and Arabic; and an Arabic-Samaritan Pentateuch. Takjeddin's History of the Caliphs, Poems of Hafiz, a Persian MS. of Sadi's Garden of Roses. Among the Occidental MSS. is the extremely rare, often doubted, edition of the *Spaccio della bestia trionfante*, printed at Paris, in 12mo. in 1584. Pages 35 to 40 of the Catalogue contain various Oriental curiosities, Jewish, Arabic, Chinese.

Some pages give an account of the highly important Collection of Medals, of which the Professor has left two excellent catalogues. The collection consists of 42 drawers, 14 of which contain the Arabic, Persian, Mogul, Indian, &c.: among them are 200 old Arabic. The second catalogue includes the Roman, Spanish, Phœnician (80 in number) Jewish, and 160 impressions in sulphur of Phœ-

nician coins at Paris. The Roman are 287, all genuine. It were to be wished the whole collection might be purchased for some university.

SHAKESPEARE.

We learn from good authority, that the celebrated Voss, the translator of Homer, Virgil, and other classic authors, has resolved to translate into German the whole of Shakespeare, in conjunction with his two sons; that he has already revised the *Tempest*; and is now employed upon *Hamlet*. This is a very agreeable piece of intelligence to the friends of German literature, since they may justly expect from the pen of so distinguished a poet, a more spirited translation than the German language yet can boast, of the works of our immortal Bard.

The translation by the learned Professor Eschenburg of Brunswick, is indeed highly esteemed for its fidelity, but wholly in prose, and besides is deficient in many poetical excellencies. Another translation was begun by the well known M. Schlegel, but only about half finished. This translation is much admired, but the translator seems to have given it up; and engaged as he is in the brilliant societies of Paris, it is not very probable that he will have time to complete his undertaking.

BERLIN MUSEUM.—A taste for the Fine Arts may be expected to spring up in Prussia, in lieu of that extravagant military taste which two late Fredericks encouraged at Potsdam and Berlin. His present Majesty is actively engaged in collecting a Museum in the various departments of Art; and has recently purchased the Giustiniani gallery from M. Bonne Maison, at an expence of 20,000*l*.

WEIMAR, JAN. 11.—There are few parts of Germany where there is such an unrestrained liberty of the press as in our Grand Duchy, whose Sovereign has always sought a particular honour amongst the German Princes, for the protection afforded by him to the arts and sciences. It is among us that the journals and newspapers appear, which are written with the greatest freedom; the *Nemesis*, the *Isis*, the *New Rhemish Mercury*, and the *Opposition Gazette*. It were to be wished that the same freedom of thinking and of writing were common to all Germany; but there are still many countries in Germany where people are inclined to take every man who thinks freely for a Revolutionist, and if he should print there any thing of that description, he would infallibly bring an indictment on himself.—(*Nuremberg Correspondent*, Jan. 21.)

A German Journal contains the following article:—"The system of Magnetism makes rapid progress in the Prussian States. It has been proposed to create, in the Universities of the Prussian Monarchy particular Professorships for the cultivation of Magnetism, but the medical faculty of Berlin has prevented it. Several Professors in the mean time give lectures on Magnetism."

The literary world has lately been much amused by "Correspondences"—but a German author has invented a new and infallible mode of producing a Correspondence with any great man, alive or dead. He has just published a Correspondence with *Buonaparte*, but written and read only by himself!

The Princess of WALES continues to reside at her beautiful villa on the banks of the Lake of Constance.

Although the PRINCE REGENT had (while he was at Brighton) subscribed very liberally to the relief of the poor of the parish of St. James, yet, on his return to town, being informed

that part of Carlton-house was in the parish of St. Martin-in-the Fields, his Royal Highness immediately commanded 100*l*. from his privy purse to be added to the collection for the poor of that parish.

Extract from a letter, dated Hanover, Jan. 17, 1817:—"We hear that his Royal Highness the PRINCE REGENT has purchased the fine collection of pictures belonging to the late Field-Marshal Count Walmoden Gimborn. A professor, lately arrived from England, has been commissioned to choose out the finest of these paintings, to be sent to London. The others are to be afterwards sold."

The gallant and venerable Earl of St. Vincent, whom Providence has preserved during a life of extraordinary activity and danger in his country's service, has lately had engraved a *Portrait of Himself*, for the purpose of presenting one hundred proof impressions to as many of his principal friends, including political connexions and naval officers, whose merits give a claim to his approbation and friendship. The print represents his Lordship dressed in his parliamentary robes, with his right hand extended, in which is held the "Naval Abuse Bill."

On Saturday evening the Grand Glee Club of England had a performance at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, at which Mr. Sale and Mr. Leete presided as conductors. The meeting was very numerous attended, particularly so by professors. Among them were, Messrs. Goss, Pyne, Taylor, Terrail, Gore, J. B. Sale, Williams, Hawes, and Mr. Clarke, Secretary to the Institution. The Gleees were most admirably selected, principally of the old school, some of them of the composition of the late Earl of Mornington.

A new Ode was performed for the first time to the memory of the late Mr. Webb, who was considered the *Handel* in the glee compositions. The music was by Mr. Horsley. The piece was highly applauded; and the whole was a great feast to the lovers of harmony.

It is singular to relate, that the late Countess of Buckinghamshire has requested in her will that none of her family should wear mourning for her; in consequence of which, none of Lord Castlereagh's family, nor any other branch of her Ladyship's family, will go into mourning on the occasion.

A young English officer, of a distinguished family, is reported in the French Papers to have shot himself, in consequence of heavy losses at play.

The new coins are very handsome, consisting of crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences. On the crowns and half-crowns is the head of his Majesty, with the words *Georgius III. Dei Gratia*, 1816—on the reverse, *Rex. Fid. Def. Britanniarum*, with the Royal Arms and Motto encircled by the collar of the Order of the Garter, surmounted with the Crown.

On the shillings and sixpences is his Majesty's head, with the words *Geor. III. D. G. Britt. Rex. F. D. 1816*. The arms on the reverse are encircled with the Garter, surmounted with the Crown. The raised rim will protect the impression, and each coin has a milled edge.

A young Lady of the blood of the Comnene, and widow of a French General, (the Duke of A—), was lately brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, upon the complaint of the *Sieur Poinselet*, a jeweller. The complainant stated, that having proposed to this lady to purchase a diamond, price 20,000 francs, he entrusted it with her, that she might have an opportunity of examining it, and ascertaining its value. However, the Duchess, without having paid the price, or even concluded the bargain, disposed of the diamond and pawned it. The case was adjourned for a fortnight, on account of the indisposition of a M. Bexon.—(*Paris Paper*.)

MARRIAGES.—At Ugbrooke Park, Devonshire, the Hon. Mr. Langdale, of Houghton, Yorkshire, to the Hon. Charlotte Clifford, daughter of Lord Clifford.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. to Lady Henrietta Antonia Clive, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Powis.

At St. Mary-le-bone Church, David Nixon Donnellan of

Ravensdale Park, County Kildare, Ireland, Esq. to Elizabeth, second daughter of the Hon. John Leeson.

At Barnwood Church, Gloucestershire, by the Rev. William Pearce, M. A. Captain John Lewis Stuart, of the Bengal army, Aid de Camp to his Excellency the Marquis of Hastings, son of the late Honorable Colonel Stuart, and grandson of Francis, late Earl of Moray, to Sarah, sixth daughter of the late Robert Morris, Esq. many years M.P. for the city of Gloucester.

The *Journal des Debats*, of the 2nd instant, contains the following article:

"The Duke of Kent, brother of the Prince Regent, is to marry the Princess Marie-Victoire, of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Dowager of Linances, and eldest sister of Prince Leopold, the consort of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The Princess Marie was born the 17th August, 1786—the Duke of Kent was born 2nd November, 1767."—*German Journals*.

It is said that Earl Percy will shortly receive the hand of the beautiful and accomplished Lady Charlotte Florentia Clive, youngest daughter of the Earl of Powis.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

However we may lament the loss of the great or the good, it is a pleasing task to record their virtues—the present subject of our notice was indeed, through a long life, generally distinguished as the *good Duke*, in contradistinction to his *great maternal ancestor*, who illumined the page of British History at the commencement of the past century, as a WELLINGTON does at the present day.

GEORGE, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, was born on the 26th of January, 1738, and received a private education under the superintendence of the learned and venerable Jacob Bryant, in which a good foundation was laid for the acquisition of that elegance of taste, and love of science, aided by a good natural genius, which distinguished him in later years. When very young he set out on his travels, which seem, however, to have been connected with military objects; for, whilst on the Continent, he served as Aid-de-Camp to his father, then Commander-in-Chief of the British forces under the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. On his return he was appointed to a company in the 20th regiment of foot, but afterwards resigned, and succeeded his father, who died at Munster in Westphalia, on the 10th of October, 1758. He was then a minor, but at the early age of twenty-two, in 1760, began his political career, as Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Oxford, in the ministry of the Duke of Newcastle. In this office he was confirmed by his present Majesty, upon his accession; and at the subsequent coronation he had the honour of carrying the Sceptre and the Cross. On the 22d of August, 1762, he married Caroline, only daughter of the 4th Duke of Bedford; and on the 22d of November, in the same year, having succeeded the Duke of Devonshire as Lord Chamberlain, was sworn in of the Privy Council. In the ensuing year he resigned the chamberlainship, being succeeded by the late Earl Gower, but was immediately appointed Lord Privy Seal, in room of the Duke of Bedford.

Attached to domestic life, he was anxious to quit the field of politics, and resigned his office in 1765; but not in disgust with the Court, for in 1768, he was elected an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, and in the same year received the order of the Garter from his Sovereign, though not installed until 1771.

His retirement was blessed with a smiling family; and he dedicated much time to literary pursuits, particularly to astronomy, for which study he erected a very fine Observatory at Blenheim. This Observatory became an object of much curious examination to our venerable Sovereign, during a visit to Blenheim, about thirty years ago; and several very long and scientific conversations took place between the King and his Grace upon that subject.

In later life the Duke seldom attended the House of Peers, but was represented there by his son, the Marquis of Blandford, who, in 1806, was called up by writ for the barony of Spencer. He did not confine himself, however, to Blenheim, but resided alternately at his residences of Brighton, Sion House, and Marlborough House in Pall-Mall, yet mixing very little with the world of fashion. The loss of his Duchess in 1811, increased his love of retirement; and he paid but little personal attention to the contests in regard to the Marlborough interest in the years 1812 and 1815, respecting the City and County of Oxford, and their parliamentary representation. To the City of Oxford he had long been a benefactor; but the change of party politics made no change in his good will.

To describe his Grace as a tender and indulgent husband, as a kind and attentive parent, would be only to repeat what is known to our readers: the circumstances of his death also have been sufficiently detailed in the public prints; whilst the current peerages afford every information respecting his family and descendants. As Marlborough House, once the residence of Queen Anne, previous to her accession, now falls to the Crown, it is supposed that it will become the residence of the illustrious heiress presumptive to the British Throne.

ANECDOTES.

MADAME DE STAEL.

During Count Rostopchin's visit to Paris, calling at Madame de Stael's, the grand lounge of the day, the subject of the conversation was the efforts made by the Emperor Alexander to render the Russian People "a Nation."

The Baroness.—Yes, Count, the mass of the Russian people has remained stationary since the time of Peter the Great; the Nobles have advanced too far, and ought to feel the necessity of returning back.

The Count.—It is not to the Russians only, Madam, that you should give a piece of advice from which the French Government might equally profit.

The Baroness.—We might well enough retrograde, for still the French would be before all other nations.

The Count.—Very well, Madam, then let us two set the example: I am ready to return to my woods, and enter into my paternal Donjon-keep; on your part you must also take some steps backwards, returning to your father's *Counting-house*, and we shall see if you gain by the Change!

A LEARNED ASS.

The following singular circumstance took place a few months ago. A lady, resident in Devonshire, going into one of her parlours, discovered a young ass, who had found its way into the room, and carefully closed the door upon himself. He had evidently not been long in this situation before he had nibbled a part of *Cicero's Orations*, and eaten nearly all the index of a folio edition of *Seneca* in Latin, a large part of a volume of *La Bruyere's Maxims* in French, and several pages of *Cecilia*. He had done no other mischief whatever, and not a vestige remained of the leaves that he had devoured. Will it be fair henceforward to dignify a dunce with the name of this literary animal?

HOW TO BREAK ILL NEWS.

A DIALOGUE.

Scene. The Rooms of Mr. G——, at Oxford.

Enter to him his father's steward.

Mr. G. Ha! Jervas, how are you, my old boy? how do things go on at home?—Steward. Bad enough, your honour. The magpie's dead.—Mr. G. Poor Mag! so he is gone. How came he to die?—Steward. Over-ate himself, Sir.—Mr. G. Did he faith! a greedy dog! Why, what did he get that he liked so well?—Steward. Horse-flesh, Sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.—Mr. G. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?—Steward. All your father's horses, Sir.—Mr. G. What! are they dead too?—Steward. Aye, Sir, they died of over-work.—Mr. G. And why were they over-worked, pray?—Steward. To carry water, Sir.—Mr. G. To carry water! And what were

they carrying water for?—Steward. Sure, Sir; to put out the fire.—Mr. G. Fire! what fire?—Steward. Oh, Sir, your father's house is burnt down to the ground.—Mr. G. My father's house burnt down! and how came it set on fire?—Steward. I think, Sir, it must have been the torches. . . .—Mr. G. Torches! what torches?—Steward. At your mother's funeral.—Mr. G. My mother dead!—Steward. Ah! poor lady! she never looked up after it.—Mr. G. After what?—Steward. The loss of your father.—Mr. G. My father gone too!—Steward. Yes, poor gentleman! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.—Mr. G. Heard of what?—Steward. The bad news, Sir, and please your honour.—Mr. G. What! more miseries! more bad news!—Steward. Yes, Sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world.—I made bold, Sir, to come to wait on you to tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

INEDITED SONNET, BY GRAY.

SPITE OF CONVICTION.

Thyrsis, when he left me, swore
Ere the spring he would return:
Ah what means you violet flower
And the bud that decks the thorn?
'Twas the Lark that upward sprung;
'Twas the Nightingale that sung.
Idle notes, untimely green,
Why such unavailing haste?
Western gales, and skies serene,
Prove not always Winter's past:
Cease, ye doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my Love!

Lines suggested by seeing the wooden edifice in Mrs. Hannah More's garden at Barley Wood, and hearing it called the Classical Temple.

What have we here? a Temple! if 'tis such,
Art has done little,—if a shed, too much.
Four wooden pegs a wooden roof sustain,
Just wide enough to shield you from the rain,
If in the middle, bolt upright you stand,
Exposed to all the winds on either hand:
This pride of Barley Wood how can I name?
And how inscribe it on the rolls of Fame?
It is not Tuscan, Saxon, nor yet Doric,
Commemorative, votive, or historic,—
'Tis but an emblem of its owners' mind,
Erect and firm, by no false taste refin'd;
Of steady fabric, pointing to the skies,
A friendly beacon to inquiring eyes;
Open to all, by all reputed good,
And often prais'd, when little understood.—N.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES,
DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

OXFORD.—A Convocation was held on Tuesday, for the purpose of proposing a dutiful and loyal Address to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, expressive of the sentiments of the learned and venerable University, respecting the late traitorous outrage upon His Royal Highness's person.

The degree of Bachelor in Divinity has been conferred upon Reverends J. Harris and J. Robertson, of *St. John's*: and that of Bachelor of Arts, upon Mr. Henry Jenkins, of *Corpus Christi*.

CAMBRIDGE.—Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each, to the two best proficient in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy amongst the commencing Bachelors of Arts, are this year adjudged to Mr. John Thomas Austin, of *St. John's*; and Mr. Temple Chevalier, of *Pembroke*; the first and second wranglers.

PARIS.—The French Royal Academy of Sciences has elected four correspondents; viz. Mr. Wollaston and Mr. Dalton, both of London; M. Berzelius, of Stockholm; and M. Fleuriu de Bellevue, at La Rochelle; the first three for the section of chemistry, and the fourth for the section of mineralogy.

It is a curious fact, that the French Philosophical Class of the Royal Institute have resolved to leave the world in the dark respecting their exertions during the past year! How can this be? Is it from idleness and shame, or from party spirit?

HOLLAND.—The Dutch Scientific Society of Haarlem, in its last public sitting, decreed the prize to a work, the object of which is to prove, that the art of printing with detached and moveable types was invented at Haarlem, before the year 1440, by Laurens Jansz Coster. The author of this Prize Essay is Mr. James Koenig, secretary to the Tribunal of the First Instance. The Society was so satisfied with this Memoir, that it augmented the value of the prize by 50 ducats, and resolved that the Prize Essay should be printed not only in Dutch, but in French, "in order that the learned of foreign countries may see that the honor of this invention is improperly disputed with the town of Haarlem." The opinion which is thus brought forward again by M. Koenig and the Dutch Society, has been maintained successively by P. Scriverius, by Boxhorn, and particularly by Mr. Ger. Meerman, who published, in 1763, 2 vols. in 4to. on this subject. As we have not seen Mr. Koenig's Memoir, we know not whether he has discovered any new or more decisive documents than those hitherto known; in this case his work will doubtless interest persons who are fond of typographical researches.

UNIVERSITY OF WARSAW.—The Emperor Alexander's decree, erecting a university in this city, has just been published in the Latin language. The University will be composed of five faculties, namely: theology, jurisprudence and political economy, medicine, philosophy, sciences and letters. The professors are admissible to all dignities and honorable distinctions; the title of Nobility, or in plain English, Gentility, is attached to their employment, and this title is transmissible, with all the prerogatives that depend upon it, to their descendants, after they have exercised their functions ten years: *hos qui in stirpe non nobili nati, nobiles declaramus*. It is His Majesty's desire, that the new University shall rival in honors, dignities, and immunities, the most celebrated universities of Europe. The Commission of public instruction is enjoined to place at the disposal of the University, buildings, which, by their convenience and their extent, may be worthy of such an establishment; to endow it with sufficient revenues from the funds assigned for the public instruction; and to fill, without delay, the several professional chairs.

MR. AIKIN is elected Secretary to the Society of Arts, in the room of the late Dr. Taylor. There were two other candidates, viz. Mr. Hiort and Mr. Downing.

FINE ARTS.

To the reputation which this country has justly attained, of superiority in portrait-painting, she has for some few years aspired to add a superiority in every other department of painting. But, without establishing some certain and public source of employment for historical painters, this important object is unattainable. As the British Artists excel in those subjects, in which they have met with a competent share of patronage, it is only fair to infer that the British school would have produced a number of able Artists in every other department of painting, if the students had met with equal encouragement. If but few have had the courage to practise historical painting, and fewer still have succeeded, the cause is obvious: they have had but few patrons. Reverse the case: multiply patrons, and establish a certain source of reward; and we shall thereby multiply the efforts of historical painters, and ensure their success.

The Students, who compare the merited success of GLOVER, the landscape painter, with the indigence in which Barry, the historical painter, lived and died, have

every inducement to avoid the fate of the latter. The former, by his landscapes in water-colours, and subsequently in oil, has realized, with the general esteem of society, a fortune swelled, perhaps, far beyond the mark by report, to thirty thousand pounds. The latter painted the series of allegorical pictures in the chambers of the *Society for encouraging the Arts*, and expired without a shilling. *Glover*, whose strength lies in *local truth*, and who sometimes, as in his late compilation from Claude, in the British Institution, fails in attempting the *poetry* of his art, well deserves his success. All those, who know the amenities of the man, and have viewed the majority of his works, feel a warm interest in his fortune. Good pictures of local scenery and rustic nature, possess a never-failing charm to unsophisticated minds, and are therefore much more likely to find purchasers, than historical pictures of great merit, in a country where historical painting is not generally understood and cultivated. The greater number in every circle are delighted with the simple imitation of those objects which they see daily, although a few only, comprehend or feel the elevated idea of nature, which is the essential material of poetical and historical representation on the stage or canvas. The courtier, the scholar, the farmer, and shopkeeper, are alike pleased with *GAY'S BLACK-EYED SUSAN*, and *GOLDSMITH'S* poems and comedies. Their simple truth of nature comes home to every heart; but Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with all its beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, is a dead language to the million. Sir Joshua Reynolds has truly observed, that *our taste for the higher excellences of style is not natural but acquired*.—How, then, unless the Government co-operates with the nobility and gentry, to establish some permanent and general occasion for historical pictures, as *public works*, can a taste for that style and class of subjects be acquired by the people of England, who are, generally, uninfluenced by the motives, and hostile to the principles, which caused the people of Greece and Rome to patronize and cultivate the great style of sculpture and historical painting in those countries?

Some well-meaning men, in their honest zeal to advance the interests of historical painting, are, with commendable intentions, for taking a wrong course. They are of opinion that it is necessary to deprive the other branches of the arts, of the public patronage, which they so deservedly enjoy, in the strange hope of transferring the public patronage, so taken away, to historical painting. They imagine by decrying the former, that they shall be able to obtain honor and reward for the latter. If this were merely an attempt to clothe the naked by stripping the clothed, without any question of its fairness, we must admit the scheme might be practicable; but it would be a woful mistake to burn the cloth which we have, merely because it is not long enough to make suits for our whole family. We must not introduce a distaste for that in which we excel, because we anxiously wish to create a public taste for that high department of painting, in which we have British artists, so capable of obtaining honor for themselves and their country. Barry, exasperated by neglect, in his moments of inconsideration, fell into this error. Certainly, if men were under the same necessity for historical paintings as they are for nutriment, the project might answer; for a hungry company deprived of every other species of food, must eat of that which is placed before them, be it

good or bad. But if we could extinguish the present taste for landscapes, portraits, and familiar life, and banish the painters who have obtained so much honor in those branches, it is by no means probable that we could thereby produce a taste or passion for historical painting. On the contrary, if we are to judge from the history of the fine arts, in other countries, there can be little doubt, but after that extinction, all taste and passion for the fine arts would perish in the Empire. The following facts ought ever to be kept in view in discussing this subject. There existed in the *religion of Greece and Italy, prior to the existence of a taste for the fine arts*, a powerful moral cause, which created a *public necessity* for historical pictures. This powerful moral cause and necessity, prior to the existence of taste, produced historical painters and historical pictures, which in due time produced a public taste and passion for the great style of painting and sculpture in those countries.

Here we have showed in regular connection, causes and effects, which hitherto have had no existence in this country. In their religion, Greece and Rome possessed a *native soil*, in which historical art struck deep its roots and grew up to its loftiest elevation. In those countries, historical art may be termed *indigenous*: in England it has been hitherto an *exotic*. If we have not this favorable soil, we must not, in our honorable earnestness to create a soil for this majestic tree, attack and root up those noble growths which are indigenous with us. Any such attempt to wound or destroy, must be vain; although it might have the unhappy effect of degrading men of genius, the professors of painting, into petty and malignant cabals; upon the offence and defence; disgracefully warring upon each other, in private circles, and scattering anonymous slanders and personalities, through the public journals. A groundless prejudice against modern art, is one of the great evils against which the British school has to struggle; and this evil must be increased by every publication which tends to lower the British artists *generally*, in the public opinion. Surely no true friend to the fine arts can augur a good from such divisions. To others we leave the honorable task of excitement. We do not expect perfection in human nature, and are friendly to the correction of abuses; but we conceive that the honor and interests of the Royal Academy, of the British Institution, and of the whole body of the artists, considered as the British school—and its patrons, are one. They rest upon the same broad basis; and whatever has a tendency to narrow that foundation to the mistaken views, prejudices, or passions of individuals, must endanger the superstructure, and prove injurious to all. In England, the human *affections* are the soil, in which the arts have lately taken root, but rapidly flourished. They have had here an origin similar to that, which the poets have assigned to painting in Corinth. The maiden, who procures by stealth a likeness of that image, which love has engraved upon her heart; the youth who possesses and hoards a similar treasure; the wife, who places in her best apartments the resemblance of her husband and children; the father, who decorates his house with the portraits of his family; the kindred, who, when death hovers over a beloved relative, endeavour, with mournful anxiety, to snatch a memorial from the grave;—these are among the patrons of painting in this country. To the multitude who are influenced by

self-love to obtain their own likenesses, we may add another description;—the National Spirit, which eagerly consecrates the busts and pictures, and delineates the battles of the heroes who have led our fleets and armies to victory. Nor must we forget the love of nature, which attaches a spell to romantic locality, and employs the pencil to transcribe with their simple inhabitants, and boldly varied features of mountain and valley, forest and sea-shore, the delicious landscapes through which we have wandered. Shall we, like madmen, in our earnestness to obtain an enviable distinction, make war upon those patrons; upon nature, national glory, and the human affections? No: we would unite the fame which we possess, with the additional fame, which we covet. We hope for the triumph of England in historical painting, as for a jewel of ineffable lustre in her diadem. Unless she obtains that jewel, her genius must still be looked upon as a questionable majesty, clouded and diminished. Foreign nations, envious of her glory in every other field, speak of her with contempt, as a pauper, in historical painting. They invidiously support the claim of America, to our venerable President, WEST, although he has been for fifty years an honor to the British School. The character of the empire is at issue on the patronage afforded or withheld from the young artists, who, within these few years, have devoted themselves to the study of this precarious but exalted art. Among a succession of able pupils in every other department, the ROYAL ACADEMY, in *Hilton* and *Haydon*, has sent forth two disciples, whose historical pictures, although not free from imperfections, reflect well-merited honor on that school of science. The BRITISH INSTITUTION, amidst a mass of patronage, which it has dispensed, performed its duty by honoring and rewarding these two distinguished artists, and introducing them to the notice and protection of their country. *England has now to do her duty.* We repeat our conviction, that upon the patronage or neglect which they experience, depends much of the future advancement or failure of historical painting in this country. We would gladly concentrate the voice of all true lovers of the arts to this important point, at a season, when *Haydon*, with a spirit like that of *Curtius*, has cast himself upon the *forlorn hope* of another grand historical picture, *without a commission*.

We would divide our own time from the past, not to overturn the monuments consecrated to the glory of the dead; but to do justice to the fame of the living. We would unite every suffrage against that odious, unjust, and Anti-British prejudice, which sets out with measuring the merits of a work of art by its age, and ends with the doctrine that there is nothing excellent but what is old. Our reverence for the old masters, is founded in a sense of genius, which pays no regard to the date or the name, or the buzz of inconsiderate opinion. Grandeur and beauty of form and expression, whether produced some thousand years ago, by a *Phidias* or *Apelles*, or to-day, by a *Nollekens*, a *Chantry*, or a *Haydon*, are *intrinsic* qualities which cannot be improved or lessened by connecting them in our minds with the character of real or imaginary persons or particular *eras*. Those who would deaden every present exertion, by dwelling on the superiority of the old masters, are fond of a notion that the present race of men are inferior to their ancestors. They would have us believe that the OMNIPOTENT has fallen off in his capacity

and his productions. But although the last works of the great poets and artists, the last works of *Homer*, *Michael Angelo*, *Titian*, *Tintoret*, and many more, betray the advance of age, and sometimes the second childhood of genius, the CREATOR knows no old age, no failure of powers. What he was, he is, and will 'be for ever. His works are always in their prime: and *Man*, created by his will to-day, is as perfect in *body*, and *mind*, and *genius*, as *man* in the days of *Michael Angelo* or *Praxiteles*.
W. C.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday last, Mozart's Opera of *La Nozze di Figaro* was performed for the first time this season. It is now upwards of thirty years since this Opera was brought out on the Vienna Stage, and it owed its existence to the patriotic spirit of *Joseph II.*, who spared no effort to render the German Musical Drama equal to the Italian Opera, and to introduce even on the Italian Stage the Compositions of German Masters, in spite of the opposition and cabals of the Italian singers and professors. After the successful representation of Mozart's *L'enlèvement du Sérail* on the German Theatre, the Emperor ordered him to compose an Opera for the Italian Stage. "We now," said he to Mozart, "must attack the enemy on his own ground, and you shall open the campaign." For this express purpose an Italian translation of *Beaumarchais' Figaro* was made, which at that time had excited the greatest sensation, not only in Paris and France, but over all Europe. The selection certainly was unfortunate. Not to speak of the moral lubricity of this Drama—the complicated tissue of intrigues of which it is entirely made up, and the number of actors which it demands, render it unfit for an Opera. These defects have, in our opinion, had some degree of influence on the music itself, fine as it is. Mozart was sensible of this, and still more so of the hazard his fame was put to by the ill will of the Italian performers. He more than once observed, that he would rather entrust his cause in a law-suit to a counsel that was his mortal enemy, than obey the Emperor's command; and a Biographical Memoir of Mozart states, that at the first representation of this Opera, there was such unfair play on the part of the performers, that the Emperor, at the entreaty of Mozart, was induced to send a threatening message to the green-room, which saved the composition from ruin.

Although this Opera is not the best of Mozart's works, it is justly admitted to be a great and beautiful composition. Its melodies, and more particularly those of a tender cast, are at once so original, so ravishingly sweet, that the heart partakes of the delight of the ear; and the *finales*, *sestets*, &c. appear to us the highest efforts of a rare combination of genius and science. These difficult pieces, and the Opera altogether, were sung and played by the present truly excellent company in so correct and able a manner, that we are free to say, we never derived greater delight from a Dramatic representation at this or any other Theatre.

Signor *Ambrogetti* made his first appearance in the character of the Count, by which he soon firmly established himself in the favor of the audience. His voice is a *baritono*, or low tenor, strong and full-bodied; his person somewhat corpulent, but well proportioned; his countenance manly and impressive, and his action graceful, spirited, and dignified. When we add that he acted and sung the arduous part of the Count under repeated plaudits from the audience, we at once proclaim his rank and station in his line. His taste and skill were particularly conspicuous in the recitativo and aria "*Hai già vinto la causa*;" and the duett with *Madame Camporesi*, "*Crudel perchè finora*," was sung delightfully by both. This lady, as *Susanna*, appeared for the first time, here, in a comic character, in which we did not think her sufficiently arch and sprightly, although there was a considerable degree of humour in her performance. But her singing was throughout equi-

site. The same praise is due to Madame Fodor, whose admirable representation of the Countess is sufficiently known and appreciated from her performance of last season. Madame Pasta's Cherubino did her great credit, although her *tempi* were sometimes a little slow, particularly in "*Non so più cosa son*," and once or twice she pitched rather sharp. Her performance, also, was not lively enough; but a vein of infantine innocence, which pervaded her play, made great amends for occasional want of juvenile vivacity.

Mr. Naldi performed the part of Figaro with great humour and ease, although, both in his acting and singing, we think he fell short of the life and vigour of Beaumarchais' delineation of the character. Even the beautiful military air, "*Non più andrai furfallone amoroso*," which he certainly gave with a rich colouring of mimic humour, was sung in too formal and slow a manner.

In the Ballet, there has not been as yet any new production. "*Le prince Troubadour*," which was often performed last season, formed the afterpiece on Tuesday. Monsieur and Madame Falcey are daily expected from the Continent, and announced in the bills as first rate dancers.

FRENCH DRAMA.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE SAINT MARTIN.

FIRST REPRESENTATION OF "LES CORBEAUX ACCUSATEURS."

THAT crimes never escape punishment, and that heaven always succours innocence, are maxims, the former of which is no less terrible to the wicked than the latter is consoling to the good. Though the experience of the world does not permit us to found on these maxims a rule without exceptions, it is laudable to encourage the opinion that the exceptions are rare, and to preserve carefully those miraculous examples of celestial justice which history records. Under this point of view the representation of melo-dramas may prove useful, and their authors would be entitled to public gratitude, were they to succeed in convincing mankind that all similar affairs of human life terminate in the manner of their pieces. But the people of Paris we are afraid are too *enlightened*, too *philosophical*, not to know that such is not the fact. Indeed the villains of the stage are often represented so unskilfully, that the least practised rogues might, without vanity, boast that they could extricate themselves better in the like situation. What then is to be hoped from the lessons of the Drama? We hear of robberies in Courts of Justice and at the place of execution!

Among the prodigies which have sometimes signalized the avenging justice of Providence, few are more striking than the discovery of the assassins of Simonides, and we are indebted to the authors of the *Corbeaux Accusateurs*, for the use they have made of that tradition.

Simonides being attacked by banditti in a solitary place, implored their mercy in vain. He represented to them the atrocity of their crime, and the punishment which would sooner or later overtake them, but his words had no effect.—"Thou alone canst depose against us," exclaimed their chief, stabbing him, "die then." Simonides, lifting his eyes to heaven, perceived a flock of storks in the air—"Sole witnesses of my death," exclaimed he as he expired, "I charge you to avenge it." The perpetrators of this crime remained long unknown, and the murderers thought themselves certain of impunity, when one day as two of them were walking in a public place, some storks perched on a neighbouring building. He who first beheld them, said to his companion with a laugh—"Look, there are Simonides's witnesses following us."

Substitute M. Amelot, manufacturer at Orleans, for Simonides; convert the storks into ravens; and you will have an idea of the Melo-drama brought out at the Theatre of la Porte St. Martin.

M. Amelot desires his cashier to give him Bank Bills to a considerable amount, which he wishes to take with him to a village at a short distance from Orleans, to pay for an estate which he has purchased. He resolves to cross the forest of Sercotte, in order to take the amusement of shooting at the same time. Two of his workmen, whose bad conduct had often excited his dissatisfaction, having heard his conversation with the cashier, lay a plan to rob and murder him, which, notwithstanding his resistance, and his firing and wounding one of the villains, is fully accomplished; while dying, M. Amelot appeals to two Ravens, as Simonides did to the Storks. The assassins obtain possession of the bills, and throw away the pocket-book which contained them, which is picked up by M. Durand, a Merchant of Orleans. On hearing the firing he runs to the spot, and the officers of justice, who also hasten thither, see him, assisted by Justin, a boy belonging to the neighbouring inn, in the act of lifting up the dead body. It is believed that they are the murderers, and several circumstances concur to confirm the suspicion. A knife, which Justin acknowledges to be his, is found near the deceased. He had lost it, and it had fallen into the hands of one of the assassins. The pocket-book had contained a bill due by Durand, which the derangement of his affairs rendered it impossible for him to pay. In fine, they are condemned to die. Jules, the nephew of Amelot, who is in love with Adrienne, Durand's daughter, and who is plunged into the deepest despair, accidentally overhears the following conversation between the two assassins.—"They are condemned to die—That is fortunate for us." At this moment the two ravens that flew across the stage during the perpetration of the crime, again present themselves.—"Look, do you see M. Amelot's witnesses?—Yes, truly, they have doubtless been summoned to appear."—Jules rushes forward and seizes one of the villains, the other escapes, but is soon caught; it is discovered that he has been wounded in the arm by the shot of a fowling-piece; they are examined, and at length confess the crime, for which they are doomed to suffer.

The first act, which is quite in the German style, represents the interior of a manufactory, throughout which the most active intelligence and most rigorous probity prevail. There is much truth in the details, which are however sometimes carried to too great a degree of minuteness; but this is the error of the German school. The characters of the Drama's Personæ are defined with a happy simplicity, and at the termination of the act, the spectator is left in anxious expectation of the event which has been prepared before him. The parts of the two robbers are skilfully contrasted. The one, born with the instinct of vice, is animated by a ferocious spirit, a stranger equally to fear and remorse; the other, who is weak and cowardly, trembles as he advances towards the crime, the atrocity of which terrifies him almost as much as the danger. When the mortal blow is struck he starts backwards, amidst the most violent agitation, exclaiming—"I did not do it, I did not do it." His companion stifles his cries. This scene produced the most marked effect: it is the best throughout the whole of the second act, the progress of which is retarded by ill-contrived entrances and exits. The authors might easily simplify it. The third act has the inevitable fault of resembling *La famille d'Anglade, la Pie Voleuse*; and, in fine, every piece, the interest of which depends on the dangers to which innocent persons are exposed, when about to perish, the victims of justice deceived by false appearances.

This piece contains all the elements of popular success, together with the faults of the class to which it belongs; and the introduction of two villains, who murder for the sake of robbery, is certainly not the least of these faults. If the progress of the piece were accelerated by the omission of several scenes and many useless phrases, the situations of terror, which are extremely well managed, would produce a powerful impression on the multitude.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

LIST OF BOOKS REVIEWED IN THE CURRENT JOURNALS.

(To be continued.)

EDINBURGH REVIEW, LIII.—Scott's Swift—Coleridge's Christabel—Bartholdy's Tyrol—Dealtry's Fluxions—Fourth Part of Humboldt's Voyage—Holt's Law of Libel—Breasley's Geology—Cook's Church of Scotland—Dugald Stewart's View of Philosophy—Schultes on the British Empire—On Civil and Religious Liberty, &c.

QUARTERLY REVIEW, XXXI.—Legh's Journey to Egypt—Poems and Speeches by Counsellor Phillips—Sumner's Records of the Creation—Campbell's Voyage Round the World—Shakespeare's Himself Again; by Becket—Various Tracts on Saving Banks, by Duncan, Rose, Taylor, &c.—Poems and Memoirs of Cowper—Lord Selkirk's Sketch of the Fur Trade—Maldonado's Voyage for a North West Passage—Lord Byron's Child Harold, third Canto.—Malthus' Statement respecting the East India College—Warden's Buonaparte—Dawson's Inquiry into the Poverty of Mankind—Sir J. Sinclair's State of the Country—Tatham's Observations, &c.

BRITISH REVIEW, XVI.—Principles of Population and Production; by John Weyland—Works of Earl Surrey and Sir T. Wyatt; edited by G. F. Nott, D. D.—Origin of Pagan Mythology; by G. S. Faber, D. D.—Apostolical Preaching considered—Wrexall's Memoirs of his own Times; parts I. and II.—Traite de Physique, par J. B. Biot.—Letter from the Board of Agriculture—Tour in Germany, &c. in 1813, 1814; by J. T. James—Bishop of Gloucester's Charge—Marriott's Hints to Travellers—National Establishment—Thoughts on Tythes, &c.; by Rev. W. Edmunds.

A memorial drawn up by the German booksellers, TREUTTEL and WERTZ, and signed by all the respectable Parisian Biblioplists, has been presented to the Two Chambers, stating the great inconveniences which result from the taxes imposed upon foreign books when imported into France. Not only the heavy duties are complained of, but also the difficulties thrown in the way of importation by all the officers of the customs, &c. &c. There is much liberality displayed, and a free importation is prayed for.

The Royal Academy is at present enjoying the active patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent; who, in addition to his munificent present of the Italian casts, has actually permitted one of the grand productions of *Raffaello*, a cartoon from Hampton Court, to be placed in the School for Painting, for the advantage of the art.

The learned world will soon possess what may truly be called a literary curiosity; being a new edition of HOMER by a modern Greek, Nicolouppoulo. He preserves the commentary of Eustathius; but we have a right to expect much illustration and elucidation of doubts and difficulties, with new readings, &c.

The investigations, both literary and practical, into the interior of Africa, seem still to preserve their place in public curiosity. LEPDEN's discoveries and travels on that continent, with a view of its present state, are preparing for the press in 2 vols. 8vo. by Mr. Hugh Murray.

A new graphical illustration of Oxford is in progress; principally to consist of re-engravings in the line manner, from the Oxford almanacks, but on a reduced scale. The work is also to combine antiquities and portraits.

The coincidence and analogy of music and colours, together with the harmony of the latter, have been recently investigated by Mr. Newman of Soho Square, who promises speedily to amuse the world with his new theory.

The Antiquities of Ireland are taken up as the subject of a Novel, by Mrs. Peck, who has assumed some very extraordinary facts of the seventh century as the ground work of her tale.

Those fond of rural amusements will be much pleased with Barker's Art of Angling, just reprinted at Leeds, from the quarto of 1553.

Sir James Mackintosh's History of Great Britain, from our own to the French revolution, is proceeding rapidly.

The admirers of Oriental Literature are much interested by the arrival in London of the first part of a curious Chinese Dictionary, printed at Macao, under the compilation of the Rev. Robert Morrison.

IN THE PRESS.

House of Mourning, a Poem, with smaller Pieces. By Mr. Scott.

Historical and Political Review of the Island of Malta; in French. By A. de Christophoro Davallos.

The Imperial Captive; a Poem. By Mr. Gwilliam, Author of the Battles of the Danube and Barossa, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

NEW BOOKS.

An Illustration of the Liturgy and Service of the United Church of England and Ireland. By the Rev. T. Pruen. Part II.

The Conflagration of Moscow; a Poem. By the Rev. C. Colton, A. M. Author of "Hypocrisy;" a Poem. Second Edition, with extensive additions. 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.

Essays in Rhyme on Morals and Manners. By Jane Taylor, Author of "Display" &c. Second Edition, foolscap 8vo. 6s. boards.

The Naiad, a Tale, with other Poems. 8vo. 4s. sewed.

The Round Table, a Series of Essays, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. bds.

Cowper's Works, 10 vols. foolscap, boards, 3l. 11s.

Letters, 3 vols. do. 1l. 1s.

Homers, 4 vols. do. 1l. 3s.

Bennett's Retreat.

St. Clair of the Isles, 4 vols. new edit. 1l. bds.

Caroline of Lichfield, a new edit. 3 vols. 15s. bds.

Harold the Dauntless, a Poem, in six cantos, by the author of the Bridal of Triermain, foolscap, bds. 7s. 6d.

Illustrations (chiefly Geographical) of the History of the Expedition of Cyrus from Sardis to Babylonia, and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks from thence to Trebisonde and Lydia. By James Rennell, Fellow of the Royal Societies, London and Edinburgh, &c. &c. 1l. 16s. 4to. bds.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the late John Coakley Lettson, M. D. &c. &c. with a Selection from his Correspondence. By T. J. Pettigrew, F. L. S. &c. &c. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Should Contemporary Journals glean from the pages of the Literary Gazette, we trust that they will have the kindness to QUOTE the source from whence such extracts are derived.

All Intelligence of a Literary Nature will be gratefully received, especially from Official Gentlemen connected with learned Societies and Institutions; as well as from Booksellers, Publishers, &c.

We thank a "Citizen of the United States" for his correction denying the existence of any duty on Newspapers or Printing, in North America: but we must observe, that we gave that statement expressly on the authority of the Philadelphia Newspapers.

We are sorry to have received complaints respecting the irregular delivery of the Literary Gazette; and therefore request our Friends and Subscribers, should their own Newsmen disappoint them, to direct their orders to WESTLEY and PARISH, at the Office, 159, Strand; with a reference for payment in town.

ERRATA.—In No. I. page 10. col. 1; for "rested," read "rusted."

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